

MARY HARTMAN,  
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #38

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by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY . . . . .	LOUISE LASSER
TOM . . . . .	GREG MULLAVEY
MARTHA . . . . .	DODY GOODMAN
CATHY . . . . .	DEBRALEE SCOTT
STEVE . . . . .	ED BEGLEY, JR.
CHARLIE . . . . .	GRAHAM JARVIS
HEATHER . . . . .	CLAUDIA LAMB
MAE OLINSKI . . . . .	SALOME JENS
STEVE'S LANDLADY . . . . .	

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ACT ONEMARY'S BEDROOM, SAME NIGHT

MAE ALONE IN BED AND JUST SORT OF  
COMING TO, AS SHE HEARS A KNOCK AT  
THE DOOR.

MAE

Just a second. (SHE'S IN HER SLIP, AND  
REACHES TO PULL THE COVERS UP AROUND HER)

THE DOOR OPENING, TOM POKING HIS  
HEAD IN.

TOM

Hi.

MAE

Oh, it's you. (TRYING TO COVER HERSELF  
EVEN MORE) But why wouldn't it be you --  
after all, it's your house.

TOM

Just wanted to see if you were any -- I mean,  
okay.

MAE

I don't know. (LITTLE LAUGH) I mean, sure.  
Just that I feel so stupid and embarrassed I  
could kill myself.

TOM

Hey, come on --

MAE

I meant that as a joke. But I guess under the circumstances...

TOM

Yeah, right. (MATCHING LAUGH, SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE BED)

MAE

Don't do that, please.

TOM

Don't do what?

MAE

Sit that close. I mean, it's a strange bed.

TOM

It's my bed.

MAE

Yours and Mary's, which makes it a strange bed to me. I just feel a little funny.

TOM

You had a rough afternoon.

MAE

Yeah. And I've been crying and my make-up's smeared. I probably look like hell --

TOM

(STARTING TO PROTEST) You look... pretty

MAE

(CRYING) Oh, Tom, why did I do such a stupid, pointless...?

TOM

You were upset.

MAE

Are you kidding? I've been upset ever since my second divorce. It's just these past couple of weeks when I stopped being upset and started being something else, that it started getting scary. I think I lost an eyelash. (HUNTING)

TOM

You're fine.

MAE

I am? I mean, you think so?

TOM

Positive.

MAE

You're right. I am terrific. In fact I'm feeling so good -- (STARTING TO GET UP) -- that I think I'll call up Florence Baedeker and ask her if she wants to take in a movie --

TRYING TO STOP HER, LUNGING OVER THE  
BED TO THE OTHER SIDE, WHERE MAE'S  
NOW ALMOST ON HER FEET:

TOM

Hey, come on --

MAE

We can go see something happy, like Young  
Frankenstein. (FEELING SUDDENLY WOOZY, HAS  
TO SIT)



TOM

Just relax, there's no rush for you to go.

MAE

(STARTING TO CRY AGAIN) The fact is there's no rush for me to go anywhere. There's nowhere for me to go. Period.

TOM

Come on, Mae. You're gonna depress yourself with that kind of talk.

MAE

Going to? What do you think I am?

TOM

Then you'll just make it worse.

MAE

I really should get up. (TRIES AGAIN)

TOM

You can't get up.

MAE

Why not? (TOTTERING, HER HEAD HURTS)

TOM

Because your legs aren't working right yet. Now sit down and take it easy.

MAE

But your daughter -- I mean, this must be embarrassing to you --

TOM

We told Heather you're an old school friend of Mary's, who came over and then wasn't feeling too good.

MAE

What did she say?

TOM

That you didn't look young enough to be a school friend of her mother's.

MAE

(MATTER OF FACT) I really am going to kill myself when I get home -- nothing splashy, just a quiet --

TOM

Please stop talking like that, Mae.

MAE

Okay, I won't talk about it. I'll just do it.

TOM

You know what I mean.

MAE

I'm sorry. (CRYING AGAIN, HOLDING HIM)

I'm really very sorry.

MARY COMES IN WITH A TRAY OF SOUP AND COOKIES.

MARY

Hi. I would have knocked, but I didn't have any free hands. (SEEING TOM HOLDING MAE) And neither do you.

MAE

I was crying again.

TOM

And I was comforting her.

MARY

I know that. Lord, if I can't trust my own husband and his ex-mistress in my own bed, -- I mean -- what's there to believe in?

TOM

(TRYING TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT) Uh -- look, Mary, Mae's feeling better now.

MARY

(TO MAE) You look better.

MAE

I look like hell.

MARY

But soup could help. Or cookies? I didn't know what you might want, so I brought both.

MAE

Nothing, honest. I just want to go to the water room and splash some powder on my -- I mean, the powder... and splash...  
(AGAIN ATTEMPTING A RISE) You know, fix my make-up, some eyeliner...

MARY

(SHAKING HER HEAD) Oh, no.

MAE

You don't like eyeliner?

MARY

Well, sure -- it's just that you're still a little shaky, Mae -- your hand wobbling that way, you might get eyeliner up your nose.



MAE

You're right. I'm helpless. I'm a  
helpless wreck.

MARY

You're not! You're going to be fine!  
(TO TOM) Isn't she?

TOM

Fine.

MARY

Because I read in this magazine at the  
dentist's office that once a suicide --  
I mean, an attempted suicide -- passes  
the crisis, everything is fine. Because  
all it is, Mae, is a call for help. You  
called, and we're here. You see? Fine.  
Everything's fine.

MAE

Yeah. Maybe with a couple of aspirins...

MARY

No, no more pills of any kind. Just rest.  
You sleep some more. Tom and I'll take  
the couch downstairs --

TOM

And in the morning I'll drive you home.

MARY

(HALF BEAT -- WITH A LOOK TO TOM) We'll  
both drive you home.

MAE NODDING.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOSTEVE'S ATTIC - NIGHT

EMPTY A SECOND, THEN STEVE AND CATHY TUMBLING IN; OBVIOUSLY THEY'VE BEEN RUNNING, STEVE PLAYING A MODIFIED GAME OF KEEP-AWAY.

CATHY

What is it? I just want to know what it is. (STEVE HAS A BOX) I mean you had it with us all through dinner --

STEVE

(PUTTING THE PACKAGE DOWN AND STANDING IN FRONT OF IT. THEN, IN SIGN LANGUAGE:) Did you like the restaurant?

CATHY

Sure -- I loved it. Only I felt a little embarrassed, dropping my food --

STEVE

(SIGN LANGUAGE) You were fine.

CATHY

I wasn't fine. I was clumsy. I've never eaten with chopsticks. I don't understand why Japanese people don't all starve.

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

(TRYING TO GET AROUND HIM, BUT SHE'S NOT SLY ENOUGH -- HE JUST SHAKES HIS HEAD) I guess they're born with nimble fingers.

STEVE

(MOUTHING) What?

CATHY

Japanese fingers for chopsticks. That's how you do it! Sign language. You have nimble fingers! (STEVE SHAKING HIS HEAD) Sure, you do -- you just don't realize it because it's second nature. Maybe if I learned more sign language, I could eat Japanese without keeping my chin in the plate. Come on, Steve -- What's in the package?

STEVE MOTIONS FOR HER TO SIT DOWN.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Okay, if I sit down, will you tell me? (HE NODS, SHE SITS. HE LIGHTS A CANDLE) It's like a ceremony. (HE DOESN'T HEAR, HIS BACK IS TURNED) I said -- (THEN REALIZING -- HE TURNS, QUIZZICAL LOOK ON HIS FACE, HE'S SENSED SOMETHING) It's like a ceremony. (STEVE NODS AND SMILES) Then there must be an occasion. What's the occasion?

STEVE

(SIGN LANGUAGE) Be patient.

CATHY

I am being patient. Hey, that's pretty good. I'm really beginning to understand.

HE KISSES HER, LIGHT KISS: SHE RESPONDS  
IN SIGN LANGUAGE -- "I LOVE YOU")

STEVE

(SIGN LANGUAGE) I love you, too. (HE GOES TO CABINET, GETS TWO GLASSES AND A BOTTLE OF WINE, POURS; AGAIN SIGN LANGUAGE) To us.

CATHY

(TOASTING) To us. (THEY TAKE A SIP; STEVE GOES TO GET THE PACKAGE) Finally. You know, I'm really lousy with surprises. I can't stand them. They drive me crazy. When I was a kid, no closet in the house was safe for about a month before Christmas. (HE GIVES HER A LARGE BOX) It's so light -- what is it?

STEVE

(SIGN LANGUAGE) Open it.

CATHY

(REMOVES A BOX AND SOME PAPER, TAKES OFF THE LID, INSIDE ANOTHER BOX, ALSO WRAPPED) Hey, what is this?

STEVE

(SIGN LANGUAGE) Open it.

CATHY

(REPEATS THE PROCESS) I knew someone who used to do something like this whenever he wanted to give you a record, 'cause there's no way you can disguise the shape of a record -- and that's light.

(TO STEVE) It's a record. (HE SHAKES HIS HEAD. CATHY NOW OPENING THE SECOND BOX, INSIDE A THIRD BOX, MUCH SMALLER ABOUT RING SIZE) It's...! What? (ALMOST AFRAID TO GUESS)

STEVE

(SIGN LANGUAGE) Open it.

CATHY

It's not, is it?

STEVE

(INNOCENT SHRUG, LIKE HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE MEANS)

CATHY

It can't be. I mean, not really. I mean, you wouldn't -- (SHE QUICKLY OPENS THE LAST BOX, INSIDE A SMALL BLUE VELVET RING CASE) It is. (SHE OPENS IT. INSIDE AN ANTIQUE DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING) Oh, Steve, it's beautiful. (ALMOST BREATHLESS, NOT A SHOUT, NOT ELATED)

STEVE

(SIGN LANGUAGE) Will you marry me?



CATHY

Marry you? You mean, for real?

STEVE

(GRABBING A PEN AND PENCIL, WRITING  
AGGITATEDLY, CATHY TAKES THE NOTE)

CATHY

No, I'm not surprised. It's just... well,  
I said to my folks I loved you and we  
were going to get married, probably. And  
I said it to myself. But I've said that  
to myself about lots of guys. Only none  
of them ever gave me a ring, and probably  
none of them really meant it. At least,  
I don't think any of them meant it. And  
I guess I didn't really mean it about any  
of them.

STEVE

(A WORRIED LOOK ON HIS FACE, WRITES)

You haven't said yes or no.

CATHY

Oh, yes -- of course, yes! Of course!

(HUGGING HIM AND SMOTHERING HIM WITH  
KISSES)

STEVE

(SIGN LANGUAGE) You're sure?

CATHY

(NODDING) Yes, I'm sure. Because I  
think we can really make each other happy,  
no matter what my father or anybody says.

STEVE TAKES THE RING BOX, AND  
SLIPS THE RING ON CATHY'S FINGER.  
ANOTHER KISS, SOFTER AND MORE  
HEARTFELT.

FADE OUT

ACT THREESCENE 1MARY'S KITCHEN, MORNING

TOM SITS AT THE TABLE, ONLY HALF AWAKE, IN HIS PAJAMAS. MARY IS AT THE STOVE.

MARY

You dreamed last night, didn't you?

TOM

Hunh?

MARY

What were you dreaming about?

TOM

How do you know I dreamed?

MARY

Your eyelids were fluttering -- and you were trying to make words.

TOM

You make it sound like watching a dog, you know, when they dream about chasing a rabbit or something?

MARY

What were you chasing?

TOM

I wasn't chasing anything.

MARY

Were you dreaming about Mae?

TOM

No, of course not.

MARY

You've been thinking about her.

TOM

Well, of course, I've been thinking about her -- she's upstairs in our bedroom.

MARY

Do you still feel anything, you know, for her?

TOM

No.

MARY

You can take time to think before you answer that.

TOM

I took all the time I need. (HE RISES, KISSES HER)

MARY

You're going to have to brush your teeth.

TOM

That bad, hunh?

MARY

No, I just meant you're going to have to brush your teeth and shave, and that's all upstairs in our bathroom. And your clothes.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

If you want, I could go up and get everything and you could use Heather's bathroom.

TOM

Okay. (STARING AT MARY)

MARY

What?

TOM

What are you going to do after I go?

MARY

You mean, to work?

HE NODS.

MARY (CONT'D)

About Mae?

(HE NODS AGAIN.)

MARY (CONT'D)

I haven't the vaguest idea. I'll probably be very uncomfortable and extremely nervous.  
HEATHER BOMPS IN, DRESSED.

HEATHER

I guess she's still upstairs, hunh?

MARY

Yes, Mrs. Olinski is still asleep.

HEATHER

Can I go in and look?

TOM

No, you cannot.

(MORE)



TOM (CONT'D)

What you can do is finish dressing, brush your teeth, comb your hair and get ready for school.

HEATHER SHRUGS AND GOES.

MARY

I love the way you handle things.

TOM

What? Heather?

MARY

Anything.

SFX: THE PHONE RINGS

TOM

(ANSWERING) Hello?

TWO WAY: HAGGERS HOUSE

CHARLIE

Tom? This is Charlie -- look, I don't want to take a lot of your time, but I just heard from that young doctor, you know, who got fired because of Loretta's malpractice case, and he wants to talk to me about lawyers and like that?

TOM

Yeah?

CHARLIE

Well, I don't know about that sort of thing -- and seein' as how I been messin' up so bad lately -- I was wonderin' if you could check it out with me?

TOM

Sure, Charlie.

MARY

Sure, what?

CHARLIE

'Cause there's a lot at stake. And I don't know if I'm gonna get my job back yet, down at the plant.

TOM

How come you sound so upbeat?

CHARLIE

Well, what's there to sound down about? Also -- not that I mean to press -- but have you asked Mary about me and Loretta bunkin' in with you?

TOM

Sure.

MARY

Sure, what?

CHARLIE

And it's okay?

TOM

Sure, it's okay.

MARY

What's okay.

CHARLIE

'Cause I really appreciate it. Then I'll talk to you later?

TOM

Right, buddy. (HANGS UP)

CONTINUES: MARY'S KITCHEN

MARY

What? What?

TOM

Well, one, Charlie wants me to sort of backstop him with Loretta's malpractice case -- you know, advice. Two, he's trying to get his job back. And three, he and Loretta asked if they could stay with us if they get evicted.

MARY

Wow, your mind's so organized. And you just woke up.

TOM

I said yes.

MARY

Yes, what?

TOM

That they could stay with us.

MARY

You mean, here? Well, of course. Just as soon as I get the vacuuming done. You know, that's amazing -- the way you related to all his problems like that. I think that helps.

TOM

Well, Charlie's my friend.

MARY

No, I mean me... about Mae. I'll just deal with it very rationally, very calmly. Give her some coffee, see how she's feeling and get her home... (LOOKING AT TOM) You don't think she'll be any trouble, do you. I mean, when she wakes up?

TOM

No.

MARY

(TRYING TO CONVINCE HERSELF) I don't either. (SHE ISN'T CONVINCED)

CUT TO:

SCENE 2

STEVE'S ATTIC

STEVE SHAVING, CATHY STILL ASLEEP. BUZZER AT THE DOOR, WHICH TRIGGERS A LIGHT BULB INSIDE THE ROOM. CATHY GROANING.

CATHY

Who is it? Go away.

THE KNOCK CONTINUES.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Steve, there's someone there.

HER RISING CATCHES HIS ATTENTION; SHE'S POINTING TOWARD THE DOOR. HE SEES THE BULB AND GOES TO ANSWER, CATHY SLUMPING BACK DOWN UNDER THE COVERS.

LANDLADY

(OUTSIDE, A JANE DULO TYPE) Hi, I'm  
sorry to bother you. (OVER ENUNCIATING)  
But there was a phone call, and I told  
them I'd tell you right away.

STEVE NODDING.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

It's Pressberg and Hillings Publishers  
in New York, and they're sending an  
airline ticket and hotel reservations for  
you to leave day after tomorrow. Do you  
understand?

STEVE NODDING. THE LANDLADY TRYING  
TO CATCH A LOOK AT CATHY, WHO'S NOW  
SERIOUSLY WAKING UP, AND TRYING TO  
LISTEN.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

For a press conference and autograph  
party, and a reception at '21' -- that's  
a night club.

STEVE NODDING.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

And one other thing... What was it? Oh,  
yeah. Time Magazine. They want pictures --

CATHY

For the cover!

LANDLADY

No, honey -- just the inside. Better be  
careful or you'll catch a cold.

DISAPPROVING LOOK TO STEVE AS SHE  
GOES. HE CLOSES THE DOOR.



STEVE

(SIGN LANGUAGE) My poems. (HE'S PROUD)

CATHY

I know -- your poems! You're going to  
be a best-seller! Oh, I'm so proud of  
you!

HE'S SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE BED.  
SHE HUGS HIM.

STEVE

(SIGN LANGUAGE) I want you to go with me.

CATHY

You mean, me go with you to New York?

STEVE NODDING.

CATHY (CONT'D)

But you'll be with all those literary  
people and going to expensive places...  
and what would I wear? What would I say?  
I can't! I mean, what would I say to  
people like that?

STEVE

(SIGN LANGUAGE) You'd manage.

CATHY

No -- I wouldn't. I'd never fit in. Oh,  
I knew it was too good to last! I'm not  
right for you. I mean, here you are all  
set to be a famous poet like Rod McKuen  
or somebody, and I can't even get through  
Beauty School!

STEVE TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS TO STIFLE  
HER.

CATHY (CONT'D)

I'd embarrass you!

STEVE SHAKING HIS HEAD.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Then don't you go.

STEVE

What?

CATHY

If you love me, you'll stay here in  
Fernwood.

STEVE STARTS TO DO SOMETHING WITH A  
PIECE OF PAPER.

CATHY (CONT'D)

And don't try to reason with me. I've  
made up my mind.

HE'S MADE HER A FLOWER.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Oh, I love you so much, and I barely got  
through dumbbell English!

HE GETS HER ATTENTION.

CATHY (CONT'D)

I'm listening.

HE TALKS WITH HIS HANDS.

CATHY (CONT'D)

You love me, but you think I'm crazy.

(HALF BEAT) Don't you understand?

HE DOESN'T.

CATHY (CONT'D)

It would wreck everything! If we went to New York together, and I was a flop -- it would be over! (SHE'S GETTING MORE UPSET) If it has to be over, I want it to be over here, where I'm at least close to home. Oh, damn! I never thought I'd wish I'd done that supid English homework!

STEVE KISSES HER.

CATHY (CONT'D)

If I don't go with you, will you forget me?

STEVE SHAKES HIS HEAD.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Will you miss me?

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD. YES.

CATHY (CONT'D)

You'll probably find somebody else -- smart and sexy and rich.

HE SHRUGS, SHE STARES AT HIM, HE LAUGHS, SHE LOOKS A LITTLE REASSURED, BUT JUST A LITTLE, THEN KISSES HIM BACK. IT'S A JOKE -- HA HA HA)

FADE OUT.

ACT FOURMARY'S BEDROOM, MORNING - LATER

MAE STILL ASLEEP; A KNOCK, FOLLOWED  
BY A VOICE.

MARTHA (O.S.)

Mary? Are you in there?

MAE

(STARTLED INTO WAKEFULNESS, MOMENTARILY  
DISORIENTED) Just a second. (LOOKING  
AROUND FOR CLOTHES. THE DOOR OPENS)

MARTHA

Oh, I'm sorry -- you're not Mary.

MAE

No --

MARTHA

Who are you? I mean, this is Mary Hartman's  
house, isn't it?

MAE

Yes --

MARTHA

I thought I recognized the kitchen when  
I came in.

MAE

I'm Mae.

MARTHA

Olinski?

MAE

Right, I work in payroll at the plant.

MARTHA

I'm Mary's mother.

MAE

Somehow I guessed. But I didn't know that you knew me.

MARTHA

(COOLLY) Well, I think your name's been mentioned. What are you doing in my daughter's bed? If you don't mind my asking?

MAE

No, not at all. It's a perfectly logical question --

MARTHA

Is Tom here?

MAE

No, he's at work. At least, I assume he's at work. You see, I dropped by yesterday --

MARTHA

To see Tom?

MAE

No, as a matter of fact to see Mary --

MARTHA

What about? She isn't getting a divorce.



MAE

I know that. I just wanted to talk to her.

MARTHA

That seems awfully peculiar to me.

MAE

And then I started... not feeling too well.

MARTHA

Did you spend the night?

MAE

Yes.

MARTHA

With Mary in the house?

MAE

Look, Mrs. Shumway --

MARTHA

I'm not trying to pry -- I hope you realize that.

MAE

Yes, of course --

MARTHA

It's just that this is an unusual situation for me, you know, coming into my daughter's house and finding the woman she almost lost her husband to in her bed.

MAE

Oh, I wasn't trying to take away her husband. It was just...

MARTHA

One of those things. I know that song.

Do you do it often?

MAE

Do what?

MARTHA

Move in on married men?

MAE

Mrs. Shumway, honestly, I wasn't --

MARTHA

I'm sorry. It's just that George, my husband, has mentioned once or twice that you're divorced. You know, over dinner. And that all the men down at the plant find you so attractive --

MAE

Well, he's sweet --

MARTHA

You're not attracted to George, are you?

MAE

No, no, no.

MARTHA

Then why did you want to see Mary? I mean it wasn't about someone else's husband? It isn't Charlie Haggars?

MAE

It was just something personal.

MARTHA

But Mary already took all the shots for that, and then they found out she didn't have it anyway.

MAE

I really wish that weren't such a general topic of conversation.

MARTHA

Well, I am her mother.

MAE

I appreciate that.

MARTHA

You felt guilty and you wanted to talk to her about how guilty you felt.

MAE

No --

MARTHA

You didn't feel guilty? I would have felt terribly guilty. But then maybe after so much practice --

MAE

I have not had that much... practice!

MARY (O.S.)

(FOLLOWING DOWNSTAIRS DOOR SLAM)

Hello?

MARTHA

(CALLING OUT) We're up here, dear.

MAE

(TRYING TO PULL HERSELF TOGETHER) I  
should be up, I should be dressed...

MARTHA

Well, I suppose some people spend more  
time up and dressed, and other people  
spend more time in bed.

MARY

(ENTERING) Ma, what are you doing here?  
Good morning, Mae.

MAE

Good morning --

MARTHA

Well, I came by, and your back door was  
wide open, so I came in --

MARY

Open? I must have left it unlocked, and  
then the wind -- I went to the market.

(TO MAE) How are you this morning?

MAE

I don't know really...

MARTHA

She was just telling me how she wasn't  
feeling so well, so I was trying to cheer  
her up.

MAE

(STARTING TO CRY) By giving me the third  
degree, and talking about the disease I  
gave Tom, and how everyone down at the  
plant laughs at me behind my back!

MARTHA

I didn't say that.

MAE

Well, you could have! Everyone knows!

(GETTING UP, GROPING FOR A CIGARETTE  
ON THE NIGHTSTAND) Don't you people smoke?  
What's the matter with you?

MARY

Mae, you're sounding upset again...

MAE

Upset? Are you kidding? I just want to  
jump, that's all! (AT THE WINDOW)

MARY

No, please! We have awnings! They were  
just installed! They're canvas! Striped!  
I mean, they wouldn't break your fall.

MARTHA

I thought you got the aluminum?

MARY

No, we decided against them. Mae, look,  
why don't we all sit down and talk --

MAE

I don't want to talk! I want everyone to  
leave me alone! (AND SHE BOLTS FOR THE  
BATHROOM, SLAMMING THE DOOR BEHIND HER)

MARTHA

Oh, dear, she just locked herself in the  
bathroom. Why do you think she did that?

MARY

Mae? Mae? (AT THE DOOR, TUGGING) What  
are you doing in there?

MARTHA

Mary, you don't think she's --!

MARY

Mother, don't say it! (BACK TO HER TUGGING)

Mae, open this door! Right now! Mae!

(THE DOOR ISN'T OPENING)

FADE OUT

END EPISODE #38